



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

JACKSON and Hon. John M. NILES; for Belgium, M. VISSCHERS; for Germany, M. RAU, Professor in the University of Heidelberg.

SECRETARIES — for England, Rev HENRY RICHARD and Rev. WILLIAM STOKES; for France, M. JOSEPH GARNIER and Rev. ATHANASE COQUEREL, Jr.; for America, ELIHU BURRITT and Rev. G. C. BECKWITH, D. D.; for Germany, Dr. CREIZENACH and Dr. MARQUARSDEN; for Italy, M. JULES AVIGDOR, of Nice.

OPENING ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.

I should have shrunk from occupying the chair in which your kindness has placed me, were I required to address to you any formal and lengthened argument in favor of the grand object which the Congress of Peace has been organized to accomplish. I shall consider this part of my duty discharged by a brief reference to the nature and the justice of the cause which we are this day met to plead.

The principle for which we claim your sympathy, and ask your support is, that war, undertaken to settle differences between nations, is the relic of a barbarous age, equally condemned by religion, by reason, and by justice. The question, "What is war?" has been more frequently asked than answered; and I hope that there may be in this assembly some eloquent individual who has seen it in its realities, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, know it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and ballads which celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of glory, without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have worshipped the demigod in the Temple of Fame, in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes by which he climbed its steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have seen it in its ravages and in its results, in the green mound which marks the recent battle-field, in the shattered forest, in the razed and desolate village, and perchance in the widows and orphans it made!

And yet this is but the memory of war — the faint shadow of its realities — the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunders. I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field, to the death-struggles between men who are husbands and fathers, to the horrors of the siege and sack, to the deeds of rapine, and violence, and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. In acts like these the soldier is converted into a fiend, and his humanity even disappears under the ferocious mask of the demon or the brute.

To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly two thousand years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures themselves. When the pillar of fire conducted the Israelites to their promised home, their Divine Leader no more justified war than he justified murder by giving skill to the artist who forges the stiletto, or nerve to the arm that wields it. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil

of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook.

I am ashamed in a Christian community to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to man, who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us; he who counsels us to hold up the left cheek when the right is smitten, will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into his immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the blood-hounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations. I see in the list of our members the venerable name of the Archbishop of Paris, who, but for ill health, would have presided over the Congress in 1849. I trust there are many bishops of our National Church, who, like their Catholic brother, are intolerant of war, and who are ready to give their sanction and support to the cause of peace. I have seen a bishop, and some of you may have personally known him, who characterised war by a sentiment which might well be inscribed upon our banner — a sentiment powerful from its arithmetical logic, and more powerful still from its brevity and truth. "One murder makes a villain; millions a hero." Had Bishop Porteus been alive, he doubtless would have presided in his own diocese over a congress of peace.

When revelation is discredited, or its decisions questioned, reason is summoned as the arbiter, and reason has been appealed to by the friends of war. To its deliberate verdict we shall cheerfully yield. If reason is not for us, revelation is against us. War is, by its friends, deemed a condition of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been a part of the Divine government for six thousand years, and it will therefore continue till that government has ceased. It is consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt to subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen nature.

If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary condition of his humanity, and is forever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient times, the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped? Like war, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of advancing civilization. The game of credulity, the condition of early science, and the sphere of the magician, the conjurer, and the alchemist, has, like that of superstition, been played; and the truths which once administered to imposture, have become the sources of wealth, and the means of happiness. The game of ignorance, also, has been played, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his armor to replace it with knowledge and virtue. The game of slavery, too, has nearly been played — that monstrous condition of humanity which statesmen still living hold to be inseparable from social life, and which men, still called Christians, defend from Scripture. The game of duelling — the game of personal war, in which false honor and morbid feeling make their appeal to arms, and which was not only defended but practised by Christians — has likewise been played; and even the soldier, who was supposed to have a prescriptive title to its use, has willingly surrendered his right of homicide and manslaughter. The game of revolution and of despotism which is now playing before our eyes, will, in its turn, be played, and with it the game of war will terminate. Is it Utopian, then, to attempt to put an end to war? If personal and local feuds have been made amenable to law — if the border wars of once hostile kingdoms have been abolished by their union — if nations have successfully combined to maintain the balance of European power by their armies — if, in our own

day, an alliance called holy has been organized to put down revolutions in individual states, and maintain the principle of order — why may not the same great powers again combine to enforce peace as well as order, and to chastise the first audacious nation that ventures to disturb the tranquillity of Europe ?

The principle of this Congress, to settle national disputes by arbitration, has, to a certain extent, been adopted by existing powers, both monarchical and republican ; and it is surely neither chimerical nor officious to make such a system universal among the very nations that have themselves partially adopted it. If these views have reason and justice on their side, their final triumph cannot be distant. The cause of peace has made, and is making rapid progress. The most distinguished men of all nations are lending it their aid. The illustrious Humboldt, the chief of the republic of letters, whom I am proud to call my friend, has addressed to the Congress of Frankfort a letter of sympathy and adhesion. He tells us that our institution is a step in the life of nations, and that under the protection of a superior power, it will at length find its consummation. He recalls us to the noble expression of a statesman long departed, “ that the idea of humanity is becoming more and more prominent, and is everywhere proclaiming its animating power.” Other glorious names sanction our cause. Several French statesmen, and many of the most distinguished members of the Institute, have joined our alliance. The Catholic and the Protestant clergy of Paris are animated in the sacred cause, and the most illustrious of its poets have brought to us the willing tribute of their genius. Since I entered this assembly, I have received from France an olive branch, the symbol of peace, with a request that I should wear it on this occasion. It has lost, unfortunately, its perishable verdure — an indication, I trust, of its perennial existence. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support ; and, in America, every man that thinks, is a friend of universal peace.

In pleading for a cause in which every rank of citizens has a greater or less interest, I would fain bespeak the support of a class who have the deepest stake in the prosperity of the country, and in the permanence of its institutions. The holders of the nation's wealth, whether it is invested in trade or in land, have a peculiar interest in the question of peace. Upon them war makes its first and its heaviest demand ; and upon them, too, war, in its reverses, makes its first appropriating inroad. In our insular stronghold, we have ever felt secure from foreign aggression ; but when alarmists are raising the cry of insecurity on our shores, they proclaim the insecurity of property by their very arrangements to defend it. In the reign of peace, wealth will flow into new channels, and science will guide the plough in its fructifying path ; and, having nothing to fear from foreign invasion, or internal discontent, we shall sit under our vine and our fig-tree, to use the gifts and enjoy the life which Providence has given, to discharge the duties which these blessings impose, and prepare for that higher life to which duty discharged is the safest passport.

But it is not merely to property that our principles will bring security and amelioration. With war will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. The talent and skill which have been squandered on the works and on the instruments of destruction, will be directed into nobler channels. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind. The minister, who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crumbs which fall from its niggardly board, will then open the nation's purse to advance the nation's glory ; and the decorations which now shine on the breast of the warrior, and those which hide themselves for

shame under the drapery of the party adherent, will fall to the lot of the sage who enlightens, and of the patriot who serves his country. Science will no longer bend a suppliant at the foot of power, and the intriguer will no longer dare to approach it. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through labors of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed Master.

If we have not yet reached this epoch of peace and happiness, we are doubtless rapidly nearing it; and among the surest harbingers of its approach is the Exhibition of the World's Industry, and the reunion of the world's genius, which now adorn and honor our metropolis. As one of its daily visitors since it was opened by our beloved Queen, I may be permitted to call your especial attention to it as the first Temple of Peace that modern hands have reared. You have, doubtless, all seen its magnificent exterior and its internal splendor—its lofty transept raising its glittering roof to the skies—its lengthening nave vanishing in distant and misty perspective—its countless avenues and isles—its iron corridors—its crystal labyrinths. On the outline of its walls, and from its balconies within, wave the banners of nations—those bloody symbols of war under which our fathers, and even our brothers, have fought and bled. They are now the symbols of peace. Woven and reared by the hands of Industry, they hang in unrefuted unity, untorn by violence, and unstained with blood, the emblems indeed of strife, but of that noble strife in which nations shall contend for victory in the fields of science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the arts of life.

The trophies of such conquests, and the triumphs of such arts, are displayed within. Who can describe them without "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn?" There the materials gathered from the surface, or torn from the bowels of our planet, the products of primeval creation, or annual growth, the gift of God to man,—the elements of civilization from which his genius is to elaborate those combinations of science and art, which administer to the comforts of life, and the grandeur of nations. There are the instruments to grasp with the eye the infinitely great, and the infinitely small, to measure space and time—to charm, to cure, and to kill. There are the mechanisms which have made man a tyrant over matter, cutting and twisting and tearing and moulding its hardest as well as its tenderest elements; which break and pulverize the crust of the earth; which lift up its heaviest and most solid strata; which spans its rivers and its valleys; which light up our rugged shores; which transport the riches of her commerce across the deep; and which hurry us on wings of iron, beating the eagle in its flight, and mimicking the lightning in its speed. Yonder are the fabrics which clothe the peasant and the prince, which deck the cottage, and glitter in the palace—the jewels which hang on the neck of beauty, and which play a part in the pomp of kings—the cup of clay which the husbandman dips into the crystal well, and the goblet of silver and of gold from which the more favored of our race quaff the nectar of the gods. And, finally, as if to chide the vanity of the riches that perish, and chasten the extravagance that lives but for the present, we see commingled with the baubles of wealth and luxury, with what the moth and the rust corrupt, those divine models which record in marble or in bronze the deeds of heroism that time has spared, the glorious names which the past has transmitted to the future, the forms divine of the sage that has instructed, and the patriot that has saved his country. Amid these proud efforts of living genius, these brilliant fabrics, these wondrous mechanisms, we meet the sage, and the artist of every clime and of every faith, studying the productions of each other's country, admiring each other's genius, and learning the lessons of love and charity which a community of race and of destiny cannot fail to teach.

The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze

on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment—"Dissociata in locis concordia Pace ligavi: What space has separated I have united in harmonious peace." This is to be our motto, and to realize it is to be our work. It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labors, if they shall effect among nations what they have done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. The annual meetings of the scientific men of all nations have already taught us that personal communication, and the interchange of social kindness revive our better feelings, and soften the asperities of rival and conflicting interests. Nations are composed of individuals; and that kindness and humanity which adorn the single heart, cannot be real if they disappear in the united sentiment of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchanges of professional knowledge, will recognise any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men who have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on mere inventions, will ever again concur in referring questions of national honor to the arbitrament of the sword. If, in the material works, the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened, and even tamed, when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe—may we not expect, in the world of reason and faith, that men severed by national and personal enmities—who have been toiling under the same impulses and acting for the same end—who are standing in the porch of the same Hall of Judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass, or throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war?

LETTERS OF ADHESION AND SYMPATHY.

Of these valuable documents, prepared with deliberation in the closet, and indicating pretty fairly the progress which the ideas of our cause are making among the class of highly cultivated and widely influential minds here represented, we give a few specimens in the form of extracts from their communications:

ADDRESS FROM THE CITY OF SHEFFIELD, signed by their Mayor, THOMAS BURDETT TURTON.—The Council declare their entire approbation of the fundamental principle of the Congress.—"That an appeal to arms for the purpose of effecting a settlement of differences between nations is a custom condemned alike by religion, reason, justice, humanity, and the interest of peoples, and that it is therefore the duty of the civilized world to adopt measures calculated to bring about the entire abolition of war."

Regarding war as one of the greatest curses of mankind, involving the most horrible crimes, and more ruinous to social happiness and prosperity than any other evil which afflicts the world, this Council regards with warmest satisfaction the courageous enterprizes of the Congress, and its constituents, in the promotion of peace. The Council cherishes the hope of the speedy coming of the time when war shall be no more, and when the benign principles of that religion which was ushered with proclamations of peace on earth and good will to men, shall hold universal and permanent sway.

The Council regards, with special interest, the auspicious circumstances